SELFE;

OR, A

RIDDLE,

Called the

MONSTER.

By *T: F.*

RIddle my Riddle (for I mean to poſe yee)
What is it Raiſeth yee, Yet Overthrows yee?
What is't That makes Men deny to pay Tribute?
Soar to a *Septer*, yet ſink to a *Jibbet*?
What makes *Diſputants* keep ſuch a puther,
Shutting the Gates of *Bliſs*, One againſt t'other?
What is it makes a Man (by Toyl and Labour,
With all the wit he can) to Cheate his Neighbour?
Leaſt this *Enigma* ſhould too much involue Yey,
Extend your Intellect, I ſhall reſolve Yee:
SELF is that *Monſter*, which ſwallows up *All-things*;
Makes low things, high things, brings great things, to ſmall things.
SELF hath his Sov'raignty (more is the pity)
In *Church*, *Court*, *Country*, *Camp*, *Navy*, and *City*.
What e're the Voyage be, SELF has the Venter;
Where e're the Circle be, SELF is the Centre.
SELF in this ſeaſon, is the only Object;
SELF is a Sov'raign, and SELF is a Subject:
SELF is a Stats-man, that pleads for Applauſes,
SELF would be *Chancelour* in his own Cauſes.
SELF, into every Species can vary,
SELF's *Eccleaſtical*, and *Militarie*:
SELF will be medling with Kingdoms, and Crowns too,
SELF can build Houſes, and SELF can ſell Towns too.
SELF, once raiſ'd War, between *Swede* and *Poland*,
And betwixt *England*, *France*, *Denmark*, and *Holland*:
SELF hath a *Seigniory* in every *Region*,
SELF is of any, and of no *Religion*:
SELF is a *Self-ſeeker*, and SELF is a *Shaker*;
SELF is a *Prpiſt*, and SELF is a *Quaker*:
SELF makes a *Proteſtant* ſome times to falter,
And bids a *Prisbiter*, bow to the *Alter*.
SELF hatch'd the *War*, and the fatal *Infection*:
SELF ſet the *City* in flameing diſtraction,
SELF was the *Plotter*, SELF was *Prejector*,
SELF was the *ſufferer*, and SELF was the *Actor*:
SELF was the *Fire-ball*, that brought with it's *flaſhes*,
Englangs Metropolis, to Duſt and Aſhes:
SELF was a Thing made ſuch work for *Repayers*,
Which ſcarce will be finiſh'd, by *Him* or his *Heires*.
SELF was a *Perſon* (though not very witty)
Which in that ſeaſon, was *Spark* of the *City*.
SELF is a *Serpent*, whoſe intreges are Oblick:
SELF is the ruine of ev'ry *Republick*:
SELF is the motive, ſo many are un-done,
SELF was the Burning and Downfal of *London*;
Though SELF (in confidence) thought *He* was able
To quench the fury on't, with his ſmall *Eable*.
SELF is a *Courtier* that ſeems to adore yee,
And ſpreads his formal fine faviours before yee,
But if your Suit at *Court*, have not ſome pelfe in't,
Here give you cauſe to perceive there was *Self* in't.
SELF is a *Country-man*, when *fire* enforces
Men to make uſe of his Wagons and Horſes;
When Goods and Money were ſhar'd in four Quarters,
By *Fire*, and by *Fellons*, by *Traitors*, and *Carters*.
SELF was a *Traiton*, a *Turncoat*, a *Teacher*:
SELF, and *Pluerallities*, makes up a *Preacher*.
SELF is a *Shopkeeper*, One that will ply yee,
With *ſee what ye lack Sir*; But gets nothing by yee:
SELF is ſo many Things, no Man can name all:
SELF's an *Hermaphrodite*, both Male and Fenale.
SELF in a *Woman*'s the root of all Evil,
And gives cauſe to ſay, *SELF* is a *Devil*.
SELF do *Self-have*, is a ſevere old Sentence;
And SELF doth daily make work for Repentance.
Let him be *Engliſhman*, *Spaniard*, or *Roman*,
When each Man's for himſelf, then God is for no Man:
And you ſhall find it true (if well you pauſe on't)
What *Michiefs* e're enſue, SELF is the Cauſe on't:
SELF is an inlet to every Diſaſter:
He that denyes him-SELF, is his own Maſter.

FINIS.

London, Printed by *E. C.* for *T. Vere*, at the Cock in St. *Johnsſtreet*. And *W. Thackerey* next to the Dalphin in *Smithfield*. 1668.

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